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For The Child's Paper.

THE FORTUNES OF A POOR IRISH BOY.

Nicholas was a bright little Irish boy, who lost his father when he was only three years old; and his mother having a large family to look after, early apprenticed him to a man who was a hard master. He often begged his mother to take him away, and put him to a better place; but she, thinking perhaps that children are not the best judges of what is best for them, did not like to change; and he stayed till he could stay no longer, then he ran away.

Where did he run to? He shipped on board a vessel, and came to the United States. Nicholas landed in New York a friendless stranger, and he wandered round trying to find something to do. God led his steps to a printing-office carried on by some pious young men, who being in want of a hand, took him in; and they not only took him into their office, but took him home to their mother's house. Their mother received the poor lad with motherly kindness, and he found himself in a lovely Christian family. Nicholas was brought up a Romanist, and at this time he had never read

a chapter of the Bible in his life; indeed, he had scarcely seen a Bible. Of course there was much that was new to him, and some things he did not like; but the pious talk and blessed example of Mrs. Harper—for it was the family of the Harpers that God had thus led him to—interested the lad, and set him a thinking.

Nicholas was a stout, clumsy boy, full of good-humor, and very bright. He was easy to make friends, and he was thrown into a company worth making friends of. As they were of the household of Jesus, the Holy Spirit was there, and the Holy Spirit came into the heart of this Irish boy, and drew him to his Saviour. He bought a Bible, and studied that. He went to Dr. Spring's church, and heard the truth as it is in Jesus there. He even ventured to call on Dr. Spring in his study, and opened his mind to that good man, who helped bring him on his way to God. Of course he had much to unlearn before he learned the true way.

The young men too invited him to their prayer-meeting, which was held every Sabbath afternoon in the room of a poor old colored woman. It was

sometimes called "Aunt Betsey's prayer-meeting;" and there he had his good resolutions strengthened and his heart warmed by the songs and prayers and godly conversations of these young Christians.

Not a great many doors from Aunt Betsey's—it was somewhere in the vicinity of the Fulton-street church, when small wooden houses stood where those high stores now are—not far, I say, from Aunt Betsey's prayer-meeting, there was another meeting of young men held, but of a far different character; and some were drawn to the one and some to the other. It was a club which met to laugh at the Bible, and to pass the Sabbath in playing cards and drinking. Nicholas might have been there, had he not followed God's lead another way.

At length he wished to join himself to the people of God, and unite with the church. He heard a notice read one Sabbath-day from the pulpit, inviting all such to come and meet the minister on a certain evening in the vestry. Nicholas wanted so to go, but he felt shy. He, however, went to the door, put his hand on the latch, then was afraid, drew back, and went away. Three months after, another invitation was given, and Nicholas went again. He had his hand on the latch, and his courage was almost failing him, when a gentleman came along, took him kindly by the hand, and invited him in. A few Sabbaths after, he joined the church.

Nicholas' mind was all alive for improvement, and everybody who saw him saw that it was; and his friends began to say, "That boy should be educated."

One day, while he was at work in the printing-office, two gentlemen came into the office and asked to see him; and they said, "Nicholas, if you want an education, the church you have joined will raise the money and send you to college." Was not God good to that poor Irish boy? I reckon he thought so himself, for he loved to speak the praises of God.

To make my story short for The Child's Paper, he went to Williams college, graduated at Princeton Theological Seminary, and for thirty years or more was a distinguished preacher of the gospel, the Rev. Dr. Murray of Elizabeth, New Jersey, whom many of you have seen and heard, and who died two years ago in the midst of a life of eminent usefulness.

It would be interesting perhaps to follow the history of some other members of that little prayer-meeting. One has been mayor of New York, with heart and hand for every good word and work; another a distinguished Christian merchant in Liverpool; another a minister to a foreign court; another a godly pastor in the West, greatly blessed of God. Others are honored merchants of New York, distinguished for zeal in their Master's work, making good what the Bible says, that "godliness is profitable for the life that now is, and that which is to come."

Perhaps somebody may say, "I wonder what became of the fellows who went to that other meeting—the club." I can tell you that too, and I am glad I can. One died by his own hand; another by violence; some of delirium tremens; oth-

ers in prison. Only one lives, or did a while ago, and he is a prisoner at Sing Sing. For "the wicked," as the word of God also says, "shall not live out half their days."

H. C. K.



For The Child's Paper.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES."

Indeed we will, and especially since the Lord Jesus bids us to. In a by-corner of our garden we have a bed of lilies of the valley. They love to grow by themselves. We do not find them in company with Rose, the queen of flowers, or following "London Pride," or climbing up in the world with "Morning-glory." We should hardly know they were in bloom but for their sweet breath in the air, for they hide away so among the leaves. Push aside the leaves, and we shall find the lovely flower, looking as modest and unassuming as can be. The very place where it grows teaches a lesson of humility; and the way it grows shows the same meek and lowly spirit: for, beautiful as it is, it hangs down its head as if it had nothing to be proud of. It does not nod pertly at you like the butter-cup, or expect you to admire it like the tulip, or push itself into your notice everywhere like dandelion. It keeps back, hardly looking up, content to be the sweet lily God made it, and nothing more. Humility is a lovely thing.

A rich uncle once came to see his little nephews and nieces, and what pleased them, he brought a great many beautiful presents, which, when he took out, set them dancing with delight. "Oh, Oh!" they shouted. "I'll have this," cried one. "I want that," cried another. "Oh, give me this," screamed a third; each one setting up his and her claims in a most noisy way, almost stunning poor uncle, who was a quiet man and not used to noisy children: all but little Alice; she kept back, looking at the things with pleased eyes, but she never asked for any thing. "Why, little Alice," said one of the aunts, "don't you want something? Your cousins will beg every thing away from you."

"Oh," answered the dear little girl, blushing, "I only want what uncle pleases to give me."

Uncle heard what Alice said, and her spirit pleased him. He took up a beautiful basket and hung it on her arm. "There, my dear, that is yours," he said, which the cousins declared was the prettiest of all.

I will tell you something more about the power of a humble spirit. There was once a young man put in first mate of a ship by the owners. This the captain did not like; he wanted to choose his own mate; and he determined to make the berth as uncomfortable as could be to the young man. He crossed him whenever he could, found fault with him, would not hold any conversation with him, and took every chance of showing him disrespect before the crew, trying the young man's feelings to the very quick. But Eben was not only a noble but a Christian young man, and tried to carry about the spirit of his Saviour. Many a time on the voyage he said to himself, "I can't stand this, and I won't;" when, on second thoughts, "Jesus my Master would," made him overlook the old captain's slights, and do his duty the best he could. Instead of paying "tit for tat," blustering, or swearing, or drinking to forget his hard rubs, he paid meekness for overbearingness, forgiveness for insult, respect for his commander and attention to his duties for inattention to his comfort and feelings. It was a hard three years for

poor Eben. At every port he about made up his mind to quit. "But no," he said; "Jesus when he was reviled opened not his mouth, and I will bear and forbear for his sake, and stand the voyage through." He was as good as his word, and at the end of the voyage, as he was about leaving the ship, the captain called him into his state-room, and frankly stretching out his hand, "Young man," he said, "I ask your pardon for my conduct. I've been a cross old sea-dog. I was mad because I could not have my own mate; but you've been too much for me. Your sort of spirit I'm not used to; it's beat me," and tears came into the old sea-captain's eyes, "it's fairly beat me. I can't part with you, Eben; I want you for my next voyage."

The old sailor turned square round, and became one of the best friends Eben ever had. When he left the ship, he told the owners if they wanted a first-rate captain, by all means to take Eben. They did, and you may be sure he did not disappoint their hopes. To resent slights is natural and easy; but you may depend upon it, that is not the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ. He came on earth to teach us the great lesson of humility. He was born, not in a palace, but in a stable, and his cradle was a manger. When he grew up, he had not where to lay his head. When he was mocked, he opened not his mouth.

On one occasion, when he and his disciples were together, he took a basin of water and washed their feet, and wiped them with a towel, to show them that as he was not above the most lowly service, so must they cultivate his disposition and follow his example.

And to keep in check the pride and resentment which is so apt to spring up in our hearts, and to show us how lovely is a lowly spirit, he points to a favorite and familiar little flower, which everybody knows and loves, and says, "Consider the lilies." Consider the lily, dear children, and remember its beautiful lesson. It will be better for you than silver or gold.



For The Child's Paper.

PERSIS lived three miles from Sabbath-school, and she could not often go; so the minister's son, when he went to the office to get the children's papers, used to leave one for Persis on his way home. When she saw him coming, she used to run out and get it, and her, "I thank you," Edward said, was worth coming for.

A year ago New-year's, she asked her father if

he meant to make her a New-year's present. "I think of it, Tot," said her father. "I saw a little box in the store at the corner, which I think would make a nice box for Tot's patchwork." You see what her father called her; not a very pretty pet name, I think. "Oh," cried Persis, her large eyes looking considerably larger; "how much will it cost, father?" she asked. He said twenty cents.

Persis went to the window, and the subject dropped. A few days afterwards she came to her father, after he got home from his work at night: "Father," she said, "may I ask you something?" "Ask away," he answered, stroking his little girl's hair.

"Father, instead of buying that box, will you give me the twenty cents?"

"What, not want the pretty box?" exclaimed her father. "Yes, I want it," said Persis; "but, father, I rather want to 'scribe for two Child's Papers for two little poor girls that got none, and twenty cents will do."

"And be willing to lose your pretty box for it?" asked her father.

"Yes, sir," answered Persis.

"Well, so be it," said father. The next day he gave her the money, which she took to the minister for two little girls that could not afford to take the paper themselves.

Every time her paper came, "Do you think they've got theirs?" she would say to her mother. A story that pleased her: "Mother, don't you think they will like that?" or, "Mother, this will do those little girls good." Once she said, "Don't you think they will know Jesus better, mother?"

And thus the thought of doing somebody good ran like a little golden thread of joy through the child's life all the year. It cost her something to do it; but the Lord Jesus turns every sacrifice done for his sake into the sweetest comfort the soul can take.

For The Child's Paper.

THE FUNERAL OF THE MONITOR.

Last spring everybody was singing the praises of the brave little Monitor, who proved more than a match for the giant Merrimac on the bloody waters of the Chesapeake. Suddenly appearing in a terrible emergency, back she drove the rebel monster, when, flushed with victory, she was heading a second time on our loyal and hapless fleet, and sent her crippled to her moorings. Never did the treacherous Merrimac look a loyal ship in the face again; and a few months after, you remember, she committed suicide. Judas the traitor did the same thing before her.

The little Monitor, so dear to us all, what became of her? Burning again to distinguish herself against the enemies of her country, she started in the winter from fortress Monroe, in company with the steamer Rhode Island, who had her in tow, for Hilton Head. Rounding cape Hatteras, that cape of danger, twenty-four hours out, she met a storm. Stoutly grappling with this new foe—one indeed with which she had not laid her account—she determined to outride the gale. But what could resist the angry ocean as it lashed her iron sides, made a clean breach across her deck, and furiously broke over her pilot-house and turret? Her coat of mail proved no shield against its fierce assaults, she sprung a leak. Both pumps and engines were promptly manned, but manned in vain. The waters rapidly gained. Signals of distress were hoisted to the Rhode Island, who dropped astern. "Sinking! Hurry your boats to the rescue," cried the Monitor.

Two boats were instantly under way and sent from the Rhode Island. But when you think, besides the darkness of night, for it was nearly midnight, how the heavy surges swept her decks, making a foothold next to impossible, you see that even rescue had its perils; the boats themselves were in imminent danger of being crushed and ground between the tossing ships. They were, however, filled with as many men as they could take away. Meanwhile the leak gained, the fires

went out, and the pumps were choked. Of those left on the wreck, some clung to the turret, some were washed overboard; others kept bailing with a heroic resolution to do till death. The returning boats had to feel their way, for the sea ran high, and was breaking over the sinking deck with fearful violence. "Jump for your life!" shouted the captain to the man at the wheel.

"Never, sir, till all are aboard!" cried the brave man.

Leaving every thing behind, for not an article was saved, the rest of the crew who dared got aboard the boat as best they could; others, stupefied by terror, or afraid to trust themselves to the perilous chances of salvation, still clung to the turret, and went down with the ship.

The second boat-loads reached the Rhode Island in safety, when one of the boats started a third time to the dying Monitor. The two ships had now parted, and were rapidly drifting from each other. Mr. Brown from his little boat saw the red light burning from the flag-staff of the Monitor a mile distant. With both wind and sea against him, he made slow headway. As they pulled nearer and nearer, the light settled lower and lower, until it twinkled for a moment on the crest of the stormy billows, and then disappeared for ever. It was the last that was seen of our brave little iron-clad, who had wrought for herself a name in history and in Providence never to be forgotten while our history lasts. The boat pressed boldly on and reached the spot. There was no trace of her except an eddy to mark the place where she sank to rise no more. Sixteen brave men perished with her. The shrieking gale and the howling waves sang a fitting requiem over her ocean grave.

This solitary boat was chief mourner at the wild funeral. It lingered round the spot to catch the grasp of some strong swimmer in his agony; but nothing more was seen, and it headed for the ship. The weather was thick, and a blinding rain soon hid the ship from sight. She sent up signal lights; but these at length disappeared, and the poor boat was left to the mercy of the pitiless storm. Afraid lest the current might drift them out of the track of vessels, and so beyond the reach of succor, the sailors labored hard at the oars. At daylight a schooner hove in sight; but they were too busy in the cross seas to stop and hail her. Next a large ship came close alongside; but she took no notice of their signals. In the forenoon another vessel met their straining eyes. Hoisting their coats for sails, they ran for her. She proved to be a schooner from Maine bound south. The generous Down-easters took them aboard, gave them a hearty welcome, and fed the drenched and exhausted men with the best their locker could afford.

But this, alas, was not the end of their troubles. The captain, offering to put them ashore at Beaufort, in altering his course ran his schooner on a shoal, and well-nigh wrecked her.

"Never mind," exclaimed the warm-hearted sailor, "never mind. If I lose both cargo and vessel—and it's all I'm worth in the world—I shall never regret picking you up."

The schooner, however, righted, and the missing crew were safely landed; and in due time the country was thankful to hear of their perilous escape from the midnight funeral of the Monitor on the grim Atlantic.

H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

TWO RULES ABOUT SWEARING.

A boy finding himself tempted to *forget*, pasted these two rules on his desk, and hung them up in his room:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless, that taketh his name in vain."

"Swear not at all. Let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

I think a great many boys had better follow his example.

For The Child's Paper.

THE FIRST SIN.

"Why, sir," asked a boy of his father, "do you feel so bad at George's once wrong-doing? He seems to suffer enough for it." "Because," replied the poor father, "if a young man spends one night in sin, the great evil is, not that he must suffer the next day, but that he will go on sinning the next day. He brings his heart, his conscience, and his ungodly passions into such a state, that he will go on. There is not half as much to stop him as there was to prevent his setting out; so that a first transgression has for its consequences not only its own misery, but every following step in the downward road, together with all the sufferings which follow in their train."

"Yes, sir, but it is only the first sin."

"If the first sin left the conscience tender and the heart right, and if nothing were to follow from it but simply suffering, it would be a different matter," replied the father; "but the most terrible thing about the indulgence of the first sin is, that it almost certainly leads to a second and a third, and so on."



For The Child's Paper.

THE BABY OF THE FROZEN LAND.

"Tell me more about other babies," said Jenny, who was much interested in what her mother told her of the brown baby.

"Shall I tell you about the baby of the frozen land?" asked mother. "Oh yes," cried Jenny; "what is her name?"

Her name is Eqrk, and her brother is called Awahtok. Such funny names, Jenny thought. They live in a low house, built of stones and plastered with moss, round overhead like an old-fashioned brick oven. Houses are called *igloes* in that country. It has but one room, and you crawl into it through a low, long passage, on your hands and knees. A window of something from the inside of a seal lets in the light. Within there is no fireplace, no stove, no fire, not a chair, or table, or bed. How do you suppose Eqrk's mother cooks? She boils her kettle over a lamp. The lamp is made of the shoulder-blade of a walrus, filled with blubber, with a wick of moss. As for baking, she never does that. Little Eqrk never had a cake in her life. She never saw a slice of bread, or a potato, or apples. She eats a steak of walrus, or broiled blubber, or frozen liver nuts; or she sucks a bear's paw, or the rib of a seal, and that is all. Never a stick of candy had little Eqrk. If you gave her one, she would say, "Kuyanaka." What does that mean? "I thank you."

If Eqrk crawls out of doors, what does she see—pretty green grass and tulips and buttercups? No. A cornfield over the way? No. Currant-bushes and cherry-trees, or a beautiful elm branching overhead? No, no. On one side is a huge ice mountain, and fields of snow, snow, snow, nothing but snow, with grey rocks here and there. That is what Eqrk sees, and nothing else. A

short time in the summer a little pale grass tries to grow in sunny spots, and a few small flowers smile by the grey rocks. Then the little girl must be happy indeed. Oh, she laughs and has her plays like you. She has no little carriage to run on the smooth ground; but her papa has made her a sled. He had no wood, for trees do not grow in that cold country; so he took the bones of the whale and the walrus and fastened them together with seal skin; and he made a back to lean against and hold on by, because it will go over some pretty rough places; and it runs very swiftly, for who do you think draws little Eqrk? Not her father; he has gone hunting the great Nannook, which is the fierce white bear. Not her brother Awahtok, he has his sled; but a couple of little brown dogs harnessed in, they run and draw Eqrk. And she has such fun!

What does she dress in—hood and cloak and mittens, like our little girls? I will begin with her feet. Nobody knits in that frozen land; so she has no warm woollen socks like yours. Her socks are made of bird skins, with the soft down inside. Over this she wears seal-skin moccasins. You have seen the picture of a seal sitting on the rocks drying himself, I dare say. These keep her feet warm. Then she wears leggings of white bear, and a jacket of fox skin. This jacket has a hood to it; and the garment, jacket and hood together, is called a jumper. That is the fashion of that country. It would look odd enough here. At first sight you would take little Eqrk for a stray cub of the white bear. Barnum would like her for his museum. Do not forget her fur mittens. And sometimes people hold a fox's bushy tail between their teeth to keep Jack Frost from kissing their cheeks with his cold lips.

Oh, you do not know what terrible winters they have. The sun sets in November, and it does not rise again till March. Think what a long night that is. We think winter days are short enough; but to have no day at all, how much worse that is. They have the northern lights, to be sure; but there is no light like the round, bright, warm, cheerful sun which our God put in the sky.

Winter is called *okipok*, the season of fast ice. By March the sun begins to peep up above the frozen water, and slip down again. Next day it stays longer, and the next, until June comes, when it stays all day and night. Summer is called *aosak*, the season of no ice, though it is never really iceless, nor can their sun melt the great snow-drifts. It is, however, a pleasant season, for flocks of beautiful birds come and build their nests in snug corners and shelves of the rocks, and they are so tame that Awahtok can easily catch a net-full to carry home for supper. It is an odd way to catch birds, you will think. He climbs the rocks with a net of seal skin hitched to the end of a narwhal's tusk, and provides for the family food in plenty. This is real Thanksgiving time.

Do Eqrk and Awahtok go to school? They do not know what school is. There are no books, no paper, no pens, no slates in their country; no day-school, nor yet Sabbath-school or churches, not one of all those privileges which you have to make your life so improving, useful, and happy. Nor have they idols, like the brown baby's mother. Their mother sometimes tells Eqrk and her brother of the "Great Spirit;" but she cannot tell them that "sweet story of old" about the Lord Jesus, who came from heaven to be the Redeemer, for she does not know it herself; or how he took little children in his arms to bless them. I wish we could tell her; then perhaps she would say, "Asakoateet," which is, "I love you," in her language. As for you dear Christian children, I am sure you must say,

My God, I thank thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me,
And placed me in this happy land,
Where I may hear of thee.



THE LITTLE SEED CELLS.

How neatly all the seeds are laid
Within the ripening pod;
How carefully the cells are made:
This is the work of God.

The lining is not harsh or rough,
But soft, or polished well;
Each little seed has room enough
Within its tiny cell.

How carefully the sides are closed
Against the winds and rain;
For if he left the seeds exposed,
They would not grow again.

There's no disorder anywhere
In what my Father does;
He condescends to make with care
The smallest flower that grows.

So children who would learn from him,
Neat habits seek to gain,
Or they will waste much precious time,
And do their work in vain.

For The Child's Paper.

APPLE BLOSSOMS

Are the glory of May. With us, the last week in May is called blossom-week, when we make it a point to leave, and spend a day among the orchards. An orchard looks like a camping-ground, and every apple-tree a tent of blossoms. Oh, it is curious to see how ambitious every little twig is to bear a bunch. A little while ago every branch was naked. Now they are covered with the most beautiful pink and white, softer and more delicate than princess ever wore, and the whole air is filled with their sweetness.

Where did the flowers come from? Who created this rich profusion? Count them, who can? The same sap which came from the dark, unsightly roots made bark here and wood there, was moulded into a stem, a bud, a leaf, a twig, a bough; yes, and then, as if to show us its marvellous power of change, turns itself out into millions of beautiful flowers, making the old trees rejoice in the beauty and freshness of their youth again.

Ah, that is no work of man. The greatest minds in the world could not make so much as the smallest leaf of an apple blossom. God is in the orchard. His mind, his mechanism, his taste, his work, his goodness create and superintend and guide every thing, from the bud that is formed on the bough, to the ripe apple falling to the ground.

The home of the apple-tree is in the north temperate zone. From England to Japan it grows wild in the fields, and all the way round to New England. But the wild apple is a small, sour, homely fruit, which, like the deer and the Indian, is becoming scarcer every year.

The cultivated apple-tree was brought over from old England with the first settlers, and like the dog, the horse, and the cow, it migrates with men, going where they go, and thriving where they thrive. It is a favorite too, not only with us, but many a bird, insect, and quadruped have found out its virtues and fed on its juices. No sooner had it settled on our shores than the tent caterpillar saddled her eggs on its twigs, and the canker-worm found it equal to the elm. Blue-bird, robin, cherry-bird, king-bird, and many more came with haste, built their nests and warbled in its boughs, and so became orchard birds, and multiplied more and more. Woodpecker finds a savory meal under its bark, and often pecks a ring round the tree: many a fine tree has lost its life by it. It did not take the partridge long to learn how sweet its buds were, and every winter evening she flies from the wood to pluck them, much to the farmer's sorrow. Rabbit too has a nibble at its twigs; and when the ripe apples fall to the

From the SABBATH-SCHOOL PEARL.

KEMP.

Words by G. NASH.

1. There's a voice in the air, a still small voice, And it comes to our ear while we play;
2. 'Tis the voice of our Father, from heaven it comes, And it finds us wher-ev - er we stray;

In the morn-ing it comes, tho' we heed not the sound, And at noon and at even-ing it
In the field or the town, in the house or the street, Whether wel-come or not, the same

fol-lows us round, "Go work in my vine-yard to-day; Go work in my vine-yard to-day."
ac-cents we meet, "Go work in my vine-yard to-day; Go work in my vine-yard to-day."

3. 'Tis our Father who calls; he calls us in love:
Let us hasten that call to obey:
He has given us life and each good we enjoy;
Let us then for his love all our efforts employ;
We'll work in his vineyard to-day.

4. All blessings come down from his throne in the sky;
All he asks is that we should obey: [end,
He has saved us from death; when life's journey shall
He will love us for ever, our Saviour and Friend;
We'll work in his vineyard to-day.

ground, squirrel rolls them into his hole. Even the musquash creeps up the bank of the brook in quest of a mouthful; and when frozen and thawed, the crow and the jay are glad to take breakfast on them.

As for the children, who can describe their apple craunching? And mother, into how many forms does she turn the Proteus apple—apples, apple-dumplings, apple-puddings, apple-sauce, dried apples, preserved apples, baked apples, apple-jelly, and pandowdy!

A QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"Lovest thou me?" John 21:16.

HARK, I hear my Saviour say,
Night by night and day by day,
With a tender voice and mild,
"Dost thou love me, little child?"

"Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." John 21:16

Blessed Saviour, thou dost know
That I could not tell thee, "No."
Weak and sinful though I be,
With my whole heart love I thee.

SOME Chippewa Indian chiefs, on their way to Washington, stopped at Chicago, and among other places which they visited was camp Douglas, where the rebel prisoners were confined. Naw-gaw-neh could not help speaking: "You have been fighting against our government," said he, addressing the rebels with a look of pity. "Why do you do so? Has not your great Father given you every thing you asked him for? He gives to the pale faces and the Indians plenty to eat and good clothes to wear. He makes good laws for the best government of all. He makes laws for all his people, not to suit a few. You have been fighting to break up this government, like the bloody Sioux. It is better that you stop fighting, and lay down your arms and come back and be brothers again. If you think with your honest thoughts, you know you are wrong. If you feel as if you must fight, then come and join the United States army, and fight for them. Look at your clothes and look at ours. Our great Father feeds and clothes his men well; and the reason you are so hungry and cold is, because you are fighting against us. Think what I tell you, and stop making war against this government."

Naw-gaw-neh certainly made a sensible speech.

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